The MAJOR

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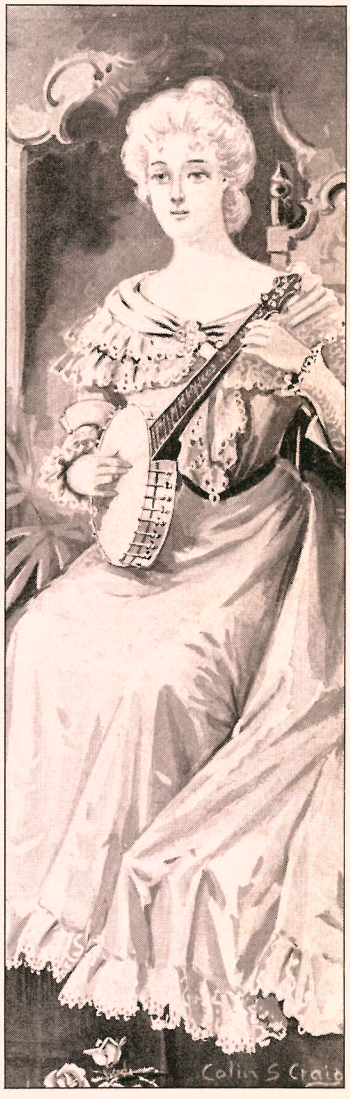

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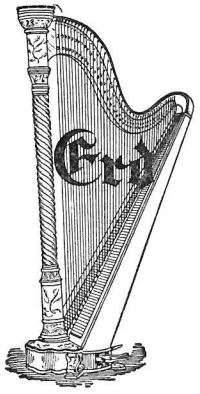

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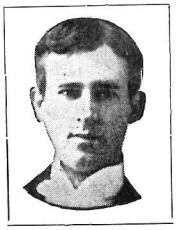

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THE MAJOR

VOL. III. SAGINAW, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 25

MISS HILDA HEMPEL,

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE MAJOR

A magazine for all grades of Banjo, Mandolin Guitar and Violin players.

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Notes, music, literary contributions and half-tones accepted for publication. Our pages open to all advertisers at very reasonable rates.

"Music, by its constant succession and expectancy, floats our souls as on a magic river to the verge of the infinite, and seems but the prelude to that perfect satisfaction in the entire expression of itself, for which the heart is ever craving."

—MACMILLAN.

Our Birthday. With this number THE MAJOR enters upon its third year of journalistic existence. It is still necessarily a child, but a healthy one, and its abnormal vanity within the past twelve month, has made it expedient for us to buy it a new dress. This may have to be changed for one of larger dimensions soon, as it is our intention to feed him (Master MAJOR) with the choicest literary cream to be had, and such a diet, we anticipate, will bring him to his first pair of trousers before he celebrates another birthday anniversary. Of course, they shall have pockets —what thriving youngster could get along without a receptacle in his trousers to hold his hands, when he *feels* proud; and to hold his fish-hooks, bird-tails, marbles and "shiny" pieces of tin, when he *forgets* to feel proud? None.

A Worthy Memorial. The writers of popular songs are justly classed among the benefactors of mankind, but few of them are justly rewarded in life or honored to their deserts after they are dead.

It is gratifying to know that the memory of Stephen Charles Foster is to be better cared for than that of most of the world's song-writers. A few weeks ago a beautiful and appropriate monument to his memory was unveiled in Highland Park, Pittsburg. Foster was the author of more beautiful and popular songs than any other American. All of us have been touched and delighted by his music. Foster gave us more than one hundred and twenty-five popular songs and melodies among the most famous of which are "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

We have not had in late years any song which equaled one of these in beauty and they still hold their place in the popular heart against all newfangled ballads. If every one who has heard and enjoyed Foster's songs had given a penny to this memorial fund a sum sufficient to build one of the most magnificent monuments in this country would have been raised.

As it is the monument is quite handsome and the design appropriate. The base of the statue is granite and is fourteen feet high. The figures are in bronze. The song-writer is seated, holding in his hand a book and pencil. Sitting at his feet is an old negro playing a banjo.

We would do well if we built more monuments to men and women who have made the world happier and better by their inspiriting and consoling words or songs.

Temple of Music. A splendid building for the home of music, at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y., has been designed by Messrs. Esenwein and Johnson, the Buffalo architects. It will cover an area of 50,000 square feet, at the northwest corner of the Esplanade and Court of Fountains. It will be octagonal in shape, with octangle pavillions at each corner, and the exterior will be after the style of the Spanish Rennaissance. The main entrance will be through a pavillion on the corner of the Esplanade and Court of the Fountains. The Auditori-

um will seat 1200 persons, and in addition, the restaurants and balconies will give a further seating capacity of 1600 people. Eight massive piers will support the flat-domed roof of the auditorium. Over each of the arches between these piers, opening into the galleries, there will be a cartouch, bearing an inscription indicating one of the grand divisions of Music; Oratorio, Grand Opera, Symphonic Music, Lyric Music, etc. There will be ample entrances and exits to insure absolute safety, and both the interior and exterior of this building will be rich in architectural ideas, as well as most suitably arranged and adapted for the purpose it is intended.

That American Guild.

The proposed American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists is a laudable move, and in the right direction. Already the different journals have aired the venture, and now the success or non-success rests entirely with the teachers and players themselves. Briefly, the object and purposes of the Guild are as follows :

"(a) To further advance the interests of the instruments in their literature, music and manufacture. (b) To set the standard of competence, and establish a higher average of ability among those desiring to teach. (c) To provide a bureau of acknowledged authority on technical and all other questions relating to the instruments and their study. (d) To conduct examinations, and grant diplomas, throughout the United States."

Of those who prove eligible to membership a fee of one dollar is required. Those interested and desiring fuller information may get it by writing Mr. Charles Morris, 1016 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., or C. L. Partee, 5 East 14th St., New York City.

MISS HILDA HEMPEL.

Adorning our frontis-piece this month, we present to the readers of THE MAJOR a likeness of Miss Hilda Hempel, America's leading lady mandolin soloist. This extremely talented young lady makes her home at Atlantic City, New Jersey, with her parents, when not touring in the interests of her favorite instrument, and her remarkably clever work as a performer on the mandolin has brought her recognition from nearly all quarters of the world. Miss Hilda Hempel was born March 28th, 1884, in the city of Philadelphia, Pa. She began the study of the mandolin when only six years of age, under the personal teaching of her father, who is a musician of great versatility and unlimited qualifications as a director. At the beginning, the young lady's father realized the hidden wealth of harmony which had been inherited by his daughter, and strove arduously to make of her an eminent soloist, sparing no expense or effort in order to bring this about. Miss Hempel traveled with her parent and older sister—a member of the Boston Trio—in conjunction with the International Opera Co., through all South and Central America in the year of 94-5. This tour lasted thirteen months, and during its progress the young lady played before President Crespa, of Venezuela, as well as in the presence of President Simon Sam, of Hayti, whose appreciation of her abilities was manifested in the presentation to her of a beautiful miniature silver mandolin, set with diamonds, and intended to be worn as a dress pin.

Miss Hempel, together with her father and sister, was caught in the revolution of Venzuela, while in that country, and they were compelled to flee for their lives, stopping at Hayti, the 15th of March, '95. But here, as misfortune would have it, they were almost immediately thrown in the midst of another outbreak, precipitated by the Haytians, it being some time before they were permitted to leave the island, from which they departed without injury, owing to the intercedence in their behalf of President Sam, who had been won over by the young lady's artistic rendition of the compositions of some of the great composers.

From Hayti, Miss Hempel returned directly to the United States, where, under her father's tuition, she finished her studies upon the mandolin as a soloist. She also plays the banjo and violin-zither very well, but the mandolin is the instrument upon which she really excels. The young lady's repertoire is of the refined type of music, containing no "rag-time" selections, and we can only commend Miss Hempel for her discriminating judgment in this respect; for, as she says, it is her duty as a performer to elevate the mandolin, and not lower it—a declaration in which she has our most hearty sympathy.

Miss Hempel's engagements are certain to be numerous this fall and winter, and under the personal management of her father and that of Mr. F. O. Gutman, of Cleveland, Ohio, she will be well chaperoned. Atlantic City press reports in speaking of several recent performances given there by the young soloist, are profuse in their tributes to her capabilities.

THE BOY.

THE OLD VIOLIN OF A CHILD.

BY B. L. TRACY.

THE GIRL.

IT was the Boy's birthday—the beautiful Boy, with the great, dreamy brown eyes, through which the honest, tender soul looked out with such kindliness upon all the world.

The Boy loved music, and would sit at the great polished Steinway piano, in the dim firelight, and let his little fingers steal softly over the ivory keys, playing with his velvety touch tender chords like whispering leaves swaying in the twilight breeze; then louder grew his touch, until it was like the sound of far off breakers on a sandy shore; louder and louder, like the murmur of an approaching storm, which finally burst with all its fury in an overwhelming volume and grandeur of sound over a dear friend in a far away city—a friend who loved the Boy, made a rare present for his birthday and brought it himself, that he might be a witness to the pleasure it gave. A rare instrument with the shape of a mandolin but the tone of a violin.

This dear friend was a skilled instrument maker, and because he so loved the Boy, he had used his utmost skill to make this mandolin the very prince of instruments. He had gathered the materials from the very heart of the jungles of Africa, where perhaps the pygmies had dwelt; from China, far-away Australia, and the distant islands of the great Pacific, and the beautiful cypress swamps of Alabama.

He had so cunningly fashioned the body of the instrument of alternating strips of Australian pearl and African woods, that it glittered and scintillated like millions of priceless jewels. Then he wrought great flame-breathing dragons with curling tails, rare and beautiful flowers over the Boy's monogram; and most beautiful thought of all, because the Boy loved horses and the hunt, he carved a dashing charger's head, with an alert fox and a tiny gun—an instrument fit for a Prince, as indeed the Boy was a Prince of sweet American boys.

Now, the eventful day was over. The day had held so much of joy it was almost hard to bear. Not only was this an epoch in the Boy's life, marking his growth from childhood into youth, from twelve years to the first of his teens; not only the dear, much-loved friend had come, the truest, most loving of friends, but he had brought the wonderful mandolin to gladden the eyes of the children. The dreamy brown eyes of the Boy; the rich black eyes of the Girl, with the curls of bronze and the dark, slender gypsy face—the face that made one look for a story to belong to her some day. Then the large, wistful hazel eyes of the younger Boy, who had no instrument of his own, but longed for one with all his child's heart; the little Boy with the sweet, singing voice, and the great love of song; the beautiful, strong-natured Boy, who will some day make himself a name among men through the sheer force of his great will.

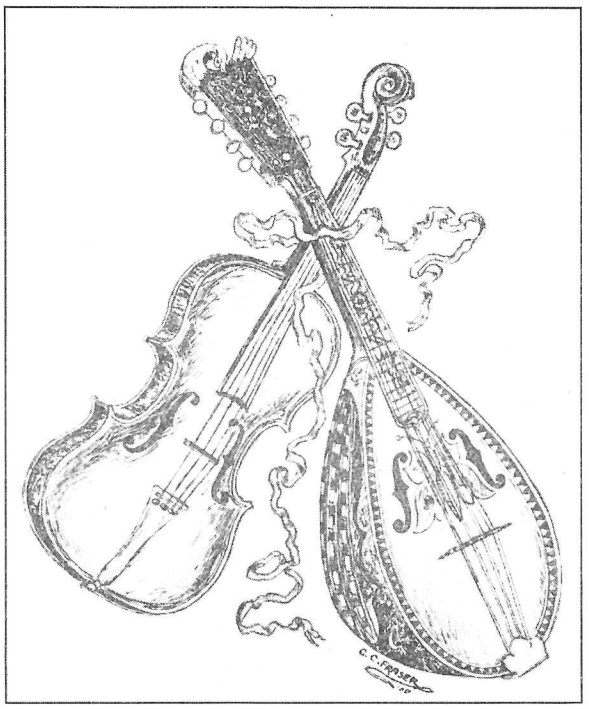
All these eyes had sparkled and danced with joy all day; but now it was night, and the splendid mandolin had been laid tenderly away in its velvet-lined case. Both boys had fallen asleep, and were dreaming of beautiful sounds; of African jungles; the fierce African lions, and the Bushmen of Australia playing on a beautiful mandolin and singing strange songs to its accompaniment.

But not so the Girl. The tender-hearted, black-eyed Girl lay wide awake, wondering if the plain little Violin so dear to her heart was made unhappy by so much devotion showered upon the rare new-comer. The little Violin was old—so old it could tell of more than a century and a half since its birthday in a city of old Italy. Its lustre was tarnished; it looked worn, and had a tiny crack in its faded side.

But the Girl loved the baby Violin that had

been fingered by so many child hands before coming to make sweet strains for her. She loved to draw her bow tenderly across its strings, and listen to the sweet, soft tones. She knew nothing else in all the world so sweet, unless it were the song of the red-bird underneath her window—the beautiful flaming thing which God had seemed to love above its kind, that He had not only given him one of the most musical and joy-giving voices, but had made him so beautiful to the eye, that he was beloved as a musician and admired as an ornament. The splendid bird was called Cardinal Richelieu, and had nested in the sweet-briar rose bush covering the Girl's window. Year after year he had fed his little brood, and whistled his note of triumph, to delight the heart of the Girl in her dainty blue nest inside.

As she lay awake on this happy birthday evening, far into the late hours, the loving heart of the dear Girl was so filled with distress lest the baby Violin was grieved, that she finally crept out of bed and stole softly down stairs, to lovingly touch the little, worn instrument, and assure it that she, at least, still loved it best.



The Girl made a pretty picture in her dainty night-gown and bare feet, with the rich curls shading the dark, sensitive face, as she went softly down stairs—so softly she went as none but the Girl could; for once the little mother of them all had been ill, so ill that for weeks she might not live, and the little Girl had learned to be so quiet and move so softly, that there was no one as welcome as she in the sick room.

She now took the little Violin tenderly in her arms, and carrying it up stairs, laid it beside her in the little white bed, pressing her soft brown cheek lovingly against it.

"Tell me your story, dear violin," she whispered. "You look so worn and old you must have many stories to tell of the little children who have played on you. You were made in Italy, and maybe some of the fingers that touched your strings were brown like mine."

"Ah! yes," sighed the Violin; "there were two little dark-faced boys, in sunny Italy, who made wonderful music with just such slender brown fingers as yours, dear Girl. The first time you took me in those little hands, and drew your bow so lovingly across my strings, it made me shiver with delight; for I knew the meaning of that soft, lingering touch, and knew that at last I was once more in the possession of one who loved music, as little Naldo, the cripple, and brave, handsome, young Gitano loved it nearly two centuries before.

"There was an instrument-maker in Italy, who surpassed all others in the world in producing violins. So mellow the tones, so rich and yet so tender did he make them, that musicians all over the world journeyed to Italy to buy from him his priceless treasures. Though he made such wonderful violins, he could not make for himself one perfect chord; but the tiny Gitano, his little son, possessed an over-mastering love of music which had promised rare things from his babyhood.

"The father's joy knew no bounds when he first heard the little one touch a violin. He fingered it like a master, making sweet harmonies; but his tiny hands could not easily handle the large instrument. 'Never mind, my Tano, you shall have a little Violin fashioned especially for your small hands—a baby in size, but a giant in tone; one that will surpass all ever made,' thought to himself the happy father.

"So he shut himself up in his workshop, and worked with feverish impatience until I was finished, breathing into me all his great love of harmony, and bidding me make his boy—his beautiful Gitano—famous and great.

"I shall never forget the day he put me into the little boy's hands. The child was a master from the beginning, and he drew from my strings such songs of joy and mirth, such pathos, such sadness, that it awoke an immortal soul within me. Gitano became great and famous, playing before Kings and Emperors; brilliant men and beautiful royal ladies loaded him with presents, and bowed before his genius.

"But soon he grew to be a great, tall boy, and needed to have a man's violin, as he was destined to become the master of all musicians. So I was tenderly laid away to be always beloved and guarded as the first sharer of his success. I was soon to pass into quite other hands, however, and this is how it came about:

"Gitano had a beautiful little sister. Romola was never happy unless near her brother, Gitano. One day the naughty, wayward, lonely little Romola could not find Gitano, so she strayed away to search for him. She called 'Tano,' and looked through the old garden without success, and then, with quaking heart, slipped out into the street. Romola knew this was wrong, but she cared for nothing now but finding Tano.

"On and on she strayed, until at last she became frightened and began to run. As she ran she became more and more confused and excited. As she turned a corner and started to cross a street, a shout went up that frightened her more than ever, and she did not see the carriage with the prancing horses close behind her. All at once, she felt herself seized and pulled roughly to one side—so roughly that it threw her far to one side, whereby she escaped the rolling wheels which would have crushed her.

"But something was lying in a bloody, moaning heap where she had been a moment before. Ah! yes; little Naldo, the son of the poor confetti woman, of the Via Del Babuino, who lived near the Ponte Molle, had seen the child's danger. Little Naldo, who wore poor clothes, who had not much to eat; but who loved music with all his heroic little soul, and worshiped the great musician, Gitano. Little Naldo had seen the danger, and forgetful of his own frail body, had rushed to the rescue in time to rudely hurl himself upon Romola, and throw her out of harm's way, but alas! not in time to save himself.

"The child was taken home, and later, when Gitano went to see the maimed boy, in his poor home near the Ponte Molle, he found the boy with both legs crushed and in agony of pain. Gitano had the little cripple tenderly cared for, sending a kind voiced Sister from the convent to nurse and tend him.

"One day, after weeks had passed, Gitano came, to find the boy at last free from pain, and was interested to see him try clumsily to whittle something with a broken knife from rough pieces of wood. 'Why, Naldo, that looks like a violin you are trying to make!' said the great musician wonderingly. 'It is,' said the mother. 'The dream of the boy's heart is to some day possess a violin. He makes them from pieces of rubber stretched on canes. He tries so hard to make one, but some way his knife is so dull and his wood so poor, they always fail.'

"The next time Gitano came he brought a worn little case with Me inside. Taking Me out, he tuned Me carefully and put Me lovingly into the crippled boy's hand. There! dear, brave Naldo, is my first violin. I love it above all others, and had thought never to part with it; but I give it freely to you, little hero.'

"I had been silent so long—so many years had passed away since child hands had played upon Me—that all the pent-up music of years burst forth, and I sang as never violin sang before, when little Naldo began to play. I sang of sunny skies, of trilling birds, of murmuring brooks and whispering leaves; of the great ocean's roar, of loving hearts; and finally, of an angel choir, waiting to bear away the mighty soul of the cripple boy—too mighty to stay longer within its frail, maimed tenement, but ready to soar away to the presence of its God, in all its purity and self-sacrificing love.

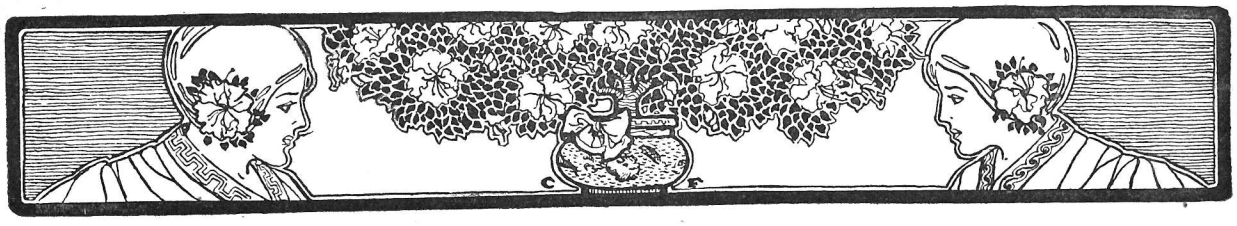
"The boy had played as never boy played before. But the joy of possessing for his very own such wonderful music, was too much for the child's weak body. While I sang to him of the beautiful world beyond, a rustling of wings was heard, and the hero's great soul was borne away, while his crippled body lay at rest, clasping me close in its lifeless arms."

As the Violin finished its story, the Girl held it close in her little fingers, thinking of how the soft-eyed cripple had fondled the baby instrument, and how the beautiful, bold Gitano had wrung so many plaudits from the multitudes who came to hear him make music with his strong child's fingers, on the toy his father had so cunningly made for him.

Dream on, dear Girl; some day the triumphs may be yours, who knows?

The mother passing through for a last kiss, found the Mandolin tight-clasped in the dreamy-eyed Boy's arms. It had missed the little companion instrument, and had crept upstairs behind the Girl, and heard all the Violin's story. The great, flame-breathing dragons closed their mouths and uncurled their tails, to wipe the tears from their streaming eyes; the fiery charger had become subdued, the fox ceased his alertness, the tiny, carved gun had uncocked itself and leaned against the bridge to listen, while the Boy, stirring in his happy slumber, murmured softly, "Dear Chum."

We are using music in this number from Norwood's Studies, also a plate from Stannard's collection. We are sure our readers will appreciate both.



TONE VERSUS DECORATION.

BY CHELSEA CURTIS FRASER.

(Continued from October.)

PICKING up the thread at the end where it was cut off last month, we come to a consideration of the superior excellence in tone quality belonging to the violin. Why is this so? Why cannot the guitar or mandolin, which are wooden instruments also, have a tone quality equal in sphere to that of the violin?

They can. There is no reason why, with proper acoustical construction, these two instruments cannot be placed on a level with the last named. But in order to bring about this innovation, radical measures must be adopted by those who build them. The tone properties of the mandolin and guitar must be studied in the same way that Amati and Stradivarius studied and perfected the violin. A bow instrument and a pick instrument, while in many essential points alike, are nevertheless composed of two widely divergent principles. A sounding-post, connecting the top of the violin with its bottom, is an absolutely unecessary factor to bow vibration; but the pick instrument's tone is at once destroyed by any such connection. Draw a bow over your mandolin or guitar—what do you get? Nothing but the faintest, ear-grating squeak. Insert a sound-post in your mandolin or guitar, and you find that by drawing the bow over the strings, the tone has been highly magnified.

However, it is too deep for the sweetest results, as the pick instrument requires a much larger tone reservoir than that of the violin, owing to the fact that the bow pressure upon the strings is ten-fold more forceful in its capacity of setting the shell under pulsation than could ever be attained with a plectrum movement. In this instance the mandolin and guitar are rightly made, but that greatest function of all the organism of these two instruments—the top—seems to have been overlooked.

The top of the violin, mandolin and guitar is to the remainder of the instrument what our own hearts are to our bodies—the vital element. All things capable of sound, whether living or inanimate, possess one certain organ upon which life depends. That organ in musical instrument construction, is the sounding-board, or top. While pearl decoration may be profusely expended upon other portions of the instrument, on the mandolin, guitar and violin the tops should never be soil for the planting of mineral or metallc flowers and other designs, as every ornament thus inlaid forms that much resistance to the current of vibration running through the top, whenever the strings are touched by the performer. As our spirits and health grow sluggish when our blood is tennanted by foreign substances, thus creating a resistance and making unusual demands upon our hearts to maintain the obstructed blood flow, so do ornaments in instrument tops rob them to a degree of their life and give to us a voice that is dwarfed, attenuated aad unnatural.

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that violins, from their first inception, have rarely been decorated. Particularly is this true of the tops. The perfected models of Amati and Stradivarius have only the beauty arising from their finely finished curves and graceful contour, and, with the exception of the simple line of marginal ebony inlay traversing the outer edge of the sounding-board, they may be said to be entirely devoid of ornamentation—a fact suggestive in itself, is it not? None of our prominent violin virtuosos use instruments that are decorated; their reputation is by far too dear to them to cater to simply eye-impressionists alone. It is *tone* the cultured audience wants, and it gets tone from the master of the violin. Still, as with the mandolin and guitar, I believe that the violin can be prettily ornamented without injury to its tone, though this must be done with due regard to the acoustic properties of the subject, and the top left quite plain.

One of the greatest tone destroyers of which I know, that is retarding the advancement of our guitars and mandolins, musically, is the manner of bracing the under side of the tops, as adopted by nearly all manufacturers. It is called "cross-barring," and consists of several strips of wood reaching from one side of the mandolin or guitar to the other, being glued to the top, that they may support it. This method of construction brings the grain of the top directly at right angles to that of the bars, and the result to the tone is essentially the same, only worse, as that of decorating the exterior of the sounding-board; for these bars shut off all possibility of vibration sensitivity, and transpose the natural diffusion of sound into a decidedly unmusical monotone. What these two instruments need is lateral bracing; i. e., bars running the same direction as the top; not against it, and which changes the bar from a non-conductor to a conductor of vibration.

As a *finale*, I would strongly advise all amateur and professional players of the mandolin or guitar, who are in quest of a pleasing tone, to select an instrument with as plain a top as it is possible to procure. When you find an instrument with the straight bracing, then you will find one with a wonderful tone. The banjo is a metallic instrument and therefore stands in a class of its own.

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

Valentine Abt began his concert tour for the season on Oct. 1st, at Kent's Hill, Maine. From there he went to Gloucester, Mass., the following day, alternately filling engagements in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Indiana, which ground will not be covered until the last part of December. After the first of the year Mr. Abt will travel through the Western States to California, where his bookings are quite extensive. Those desiring to hear this great exponent of the mandolin, who comes within the radius of their territory, should write him, through his manager, without delay.

Mr. John A. Foote, former director of the Philharmonic Trio, of Scranton, Pa., is now directing the instrumental clubs of Georgetown University, D. C., composed of over six hundred students. Mr. Foote has organized one of the finest and most complete college mandolin orchestras in the country, as well as a first-class banjo club. Under their director, these organizations expect to visit New York City, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities *en route*, during the early part of February. Later, a southern tour is under contemplation.

From Mr. C. Hal Stoddard, teacher and composer, of Sullivan, Ind., comes news of a concert company, which that gentleman is organizing with a personnel as follows: 1st mandolin, C. Hal Stoddard; 2d mandolin, Harold Dix; violinist, F. G. Sampson; mandola, Cary Gill; 1st guitar, Hudson Bland; 2d guitar, Jesse Bicknel. Mr. Arling Shaeffer, of Chicago, is now bringing out a collection of 20 pieces for Mr. Stoddard.

The well-known mandolinist and lutist, Mr. Samuel Adelstein, is preparing to participate in a number of concerts the approaching season, and is also busy with a large class of pupils. Only a short time ago Mr. Adelstein was the recipient of a "Fantasia Dramatica," an arrangement of the most beautiful gems of Puccini's last operatic success, "Tosca." It is arranged for two mandolins, mandolas, guitar and piano, by the celebrated composer, Sig. C. Graziani.

The New York concert season may be said to have formally opened with the joint recital of Mme. Schumann-Heinke and Miss Lenora Jackson, at Carnegie Hall, a few weeks ago. Miss Jackson shared almost equally with the great singer, the favor of the audience, in her magnificent rendering upon the violin. She was especially happy in the Borowsky "Aria" and the Arensky "Berceuse," both of which revealed vividly the immense purity of her tone, and her repose of style. Flowers and encores in abundance were her merited reward.

NOTICE: Claude S. Minter, arranger and composer of banjo, mandolin and guitar music, also performer on these instruments, would like to engage with some music house, or join a professional mandolin orchestra, to play 1st or 2d mandolin, or guitar, banjo, bass, etc. Any orchestra in need of a thorough, up-to-date musician and gentleman will do well to secure Mr. Minter. Permanent address, Claude S. Minter, Little Rock, Ark.

THE MONK'S TOAST.

"Give me the harp of epic song
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
O' Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus alone could have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!"

Order **Merry Monks Caprice** by Pomeroy, for 3 Mandolins and 2 Guitars, from the **Major Publishing Co., Saginaw, Mich.**
2 M. & G. 75c. 3 M. & 2 G. $1.15.

No 9.

NORWOOD'S NEW MANDOLIN STUDIES.

Manzanita Dance.

C. S. MINTER.

Tempo di Schottische.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend Fred T. McGrath Boston, Mass.

March of the Southern Imperials.

BANJO.

By W. H. Teasdale.

Banjeaurine and Second Banjo Parts for Club, may be obtained from publisher. 10c each part.

Copyright 1897 by W.H. Teasdale.

March of the "Southern Imperials".

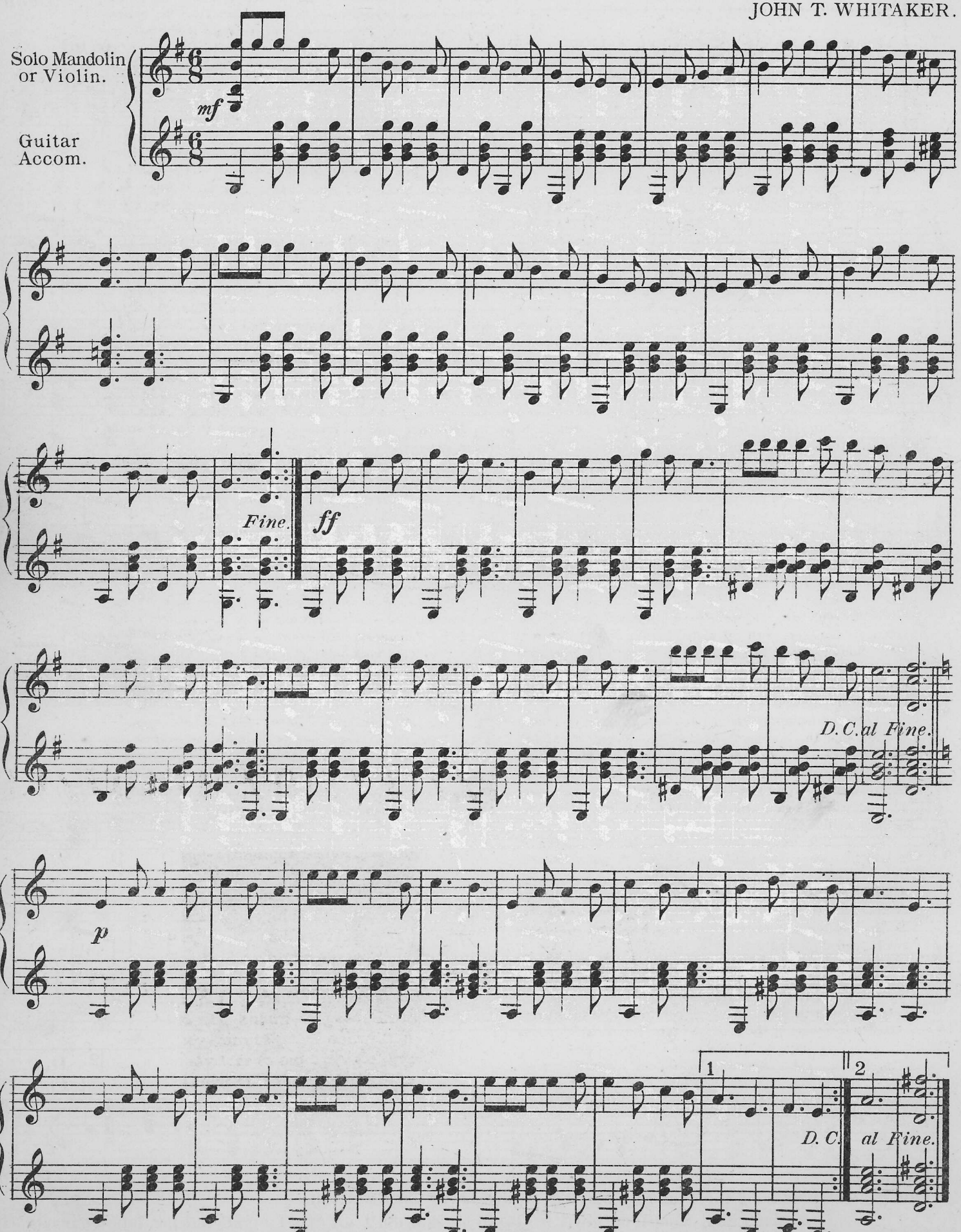
GUITAR.

This part may be used for Piano by playing octave lower than written.

Respectfully dedicated to Prof. Jos. Dawson Premier Dancer of Philadelphia.

THE FOUNTAIN DANCE.

JOHN T. WHITAKER.



STRING SPARKLES.

BY HARMONIOUS DISCORD.

I am not a singer. My friends all know it. So do the neighbors who live within a square mile of my residence. They all agree that I am not a success at vocalism and muscular contraction of the tissuic membraneous organism to which Melba's throat was susceptible. But I can reach a high note quite handily—especially if it is of a greenish hue and is stamped with an X. Other notes come handy, too, though the lower ones are not so much to my taste. Still, for some fateful reason, they are more familiar than high C's and X's. Now, there was Tom Witters; Tom never could sing better than I, and I never could sing better than Tom. Tom has just since made his mark at the bar, and when we were attending Lardale Academy, you could not find two more sympathetic chums than we. Both of us got along finely with our studies, but didn't know a note of music, and in fact, couldn't tell one tune from another. This was unfortunate for us. Old Doctor Bastian was principal then, and was strongly of the opinion that every person could sing. We had devotional services every morning in the hall, and it was his insistance that all the students should take part in the singing. Of course Tom and I didn't dare to let our voices out, but we kept our lips moving, and for a time managed to deceive the old gentleman. However, one morning he called our names and detained us.

"Young men," he said, beaming over his spectacles with mild severity, "why do you make this pretense? Why don't you sing?"

"We can't sing, Doctor Bastian," replied Tom. "Our voices are not —er— just calculated for singing, you know."

"Nonsense!" cried the autocratic doctor. "Every one can sing, and boys, as well as birds, that won't sing must be made to sing. Hereafter I shall expect to hear both your voices in the hymns."

We were dismissed, and looked at each other dolefully. We felt that the Academy was in a tight place. We didn't care for ourselves, but we *were* concerned about the feelings of our fellow students. At last, at the end of our consultation (it was as serious to us as a physician's conference over a dying patient) Tom sighed, and said, in a voice which bespoke a terrible omen:

"Well, Discord, the time of ordeal draweth apace. If Doctor Bastian says we must sing, ye gods of mercy be with him and his! By my voice, I hope they are all prepared. Albeit, methinks there is reason vast for fear. Still 'tis the decree, and we shouldst seek with the moment beautiful Lucile, that the pestilence may be as quickly and painlessly accomplished as possible."

So we hunted up Lucile Drewe. Lucile played the organ that term, and being a staunch friend of ours, we felt she could be trusted. Drawing her to one side, Tom began: "See here, Lucile; you know Discord and I can't sing any better than a yowling pack of tom-cats, but the doctor says we must sing, and we've concluded to do so—just once. Now, we want you to pick out a good long hymn to-morrow morning, and play through the whole of it, no matter what happens. We shall be there, and we shall *sing*. What do you say?"

Lucile smiled and nodded her head, but she also looked frightened. But that was perfectly natural. You see, she had heard Tom and I trying to repeat a few lines, one evening, that we had heard at an opera. Yes; her expression was natural. Well, when we assembled in the hall the next morning, Lucile had selected a hymn containing five stanzas, and after the doctor had made the customary announcement she began to play.

Tom and I started in with the others. For all we could tell we might have been singing "Old Hundred," or "After the Ball," or "Home, Sweet Home." But we sang—and we had very nice (?) strong voices, both of us. Lovely voices. Musical voices. Orchestral-band voices. Voices that one never hears except when one is having his chimney cleaned, or a steamboat has become lost in a fog, or a shingle-mill has blown up.

It wasn't long before some of the students began to look at Tom and I, but we saw nothing only the hymn book in our hands. Pretty soon the voices nearest us began to drop out. When Lucile began the second stanza there seemed to be a great many who didn't care to sing. When it came to the third verse, Tom and I were at it all alone. We did not dare to look toward old Doctor Bastian up on the platform, but knew just the same that the cold perspiration was soaking his linen collar. Lucile never let on she noticed anything unusual, and continued playing until the middle of the fifth stanza, though her melody was affected with the "spring-halts," and we knew she couldn't stand the strain much longer.

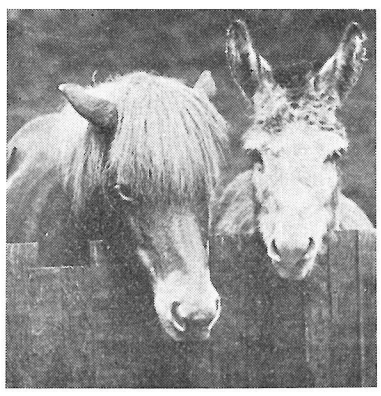
In a few moments the hall was cleared. Every one took the furthest exit from us, and Lucile tottered after the doctor. With the stoppage of the organ our incentive was gone also, and we closed our mouths. Silently, and feeling like criminals of the deepest dye, Tom and I stole out after our victims, and sought our rooms.

Late that afternoon we were ordered before Doctor Bastian. We came forward.

"What do you mean, young men, by such an outrageous exhibition of your voices as you made this morning?" he thundered. He looked as though he had been drawn through a knot-hole.

"Why, sir, didn't Discord and I sing all right?" interrogated Tom, assuming the appearance of a pet lamb, which I also copied.

"Sing all right? *Oh-h-h-h!*"—he fairly groaned—"*Sing* all right? Do you not know that all of your fellow pupils are even now threatened with nervous prostration? But you are both excused henceforth from participation in the singing exercises. Your places should be in the belfry. *Sing* all right? Heavens! what audacity."



"We have been chums together
In sunshine and in shade."

—By courtesy of the *Farm Journal.*

IN GRANDMA'S TIME.

BACK in the golden olden days,
When very stiff brocade,
Stays, patches, powder, paint and hoops,
Bedight each blooming maid,
My grandmama, upon a time,
A bright Thanksgiving day,
All in her best, with winsome zest,
Thanksgiving games did play.

'Twas "Roll the Plate"; 'twas "Blindman's Buff,"
'Twas merry "Hunt the Slipper,"
And if the sport was something rough,
The belles and beaux were chipper.
In each she played with Grandpapa,
A gay young sprig of fashion,
Yet his rich waistcoat hid a heart
Brimful of tender passion—

Of tender passion all unspoke
Until they heard the fiddle—
"Roger de Coverley" it played—
They started down the middle;
Right! Left! Bow! Swing!—and ever swing,
Then back to place with "setting,"
Perhaps their fingers did not cling,
Dame Gossip's eye forgetting.

'Twas as they clung, he found his tongue—
The fiddle still played cheerily—
While soft he said, "Sweet maid! Sweet maid!
You know I love you dearly."

* * * * *

Still—in a frame—she blooms and smiles—
I think she still hears clearly,
When fiddles play, Thanksgiving Day,
"Sweet maid, I love you dearly."

—*Sarah McCulloch-Williams.*

HOW BLIND MUSICIANS ARE TAUGHT.

BY T. MELVILLE HART, D. M. A.

IT is well known that when nature deprives a human being of sight, she gives him a greater acuteness of the other senses, notably hearing and feeling. Nor are blind people as much depressed in spirits as one who has sight would naturally imagine. The average blind person laughs, sings and moves around gaily and pleasantly, as though the absence of sight was a trifling loss.

The method by which the blind are taught to read is too well known to need description, but the way they learn to play from written or printed music is a mystery to most people.

There is more than one way, but the latest and the best method is of German origin. The implements are a sort of slate, a thick sheet of paper, a "point" and a "guide."

The slate is really a rectangular board, on which is fastened a sheet of corrugated brass.

The corrugations are small and nearly as close together as the lines on an ordinary sheet of music. The ribbed surface is across the slate. A frame, hinged at the top of the slate, can be easily lifted and over the brass corrugations a sheet of stout, smooth paper is placed, the frame being then shut down and helping to hold the paper firmly in position.

The guide is a strip of brass, the ends of which are turned up so that they rest on the frame, while the whole surface between the upturned ends rests on the paper.

The guide, as its name suggests, is to keep the indentations in a straight line, to regulate the relative positions of the indentations and to secure the equal spacing of the indented lines up and

down the slate. On the ends of the guide are small pegs of brass, which fit into holes in the frame. When one line is completed the pupil lifts the guide and moves it towards him, setting the pegs in the next hole on each side of the frame, and so on until the sheet is full.

The "point" is the style, the instrument with which the pupil makes the signs for his or her own instruction. It consists of a little piece of wood, shaped like a peg top, with a flat surface at the upper end and a blunt, rounded, knitting-needle-like steel projection at the lower end.

The apparatus is cheap and serviceable, and the pupils readily learn to use it. The entire alphabet, punctuation marks and abbreviations for oft-recurring words are represented by dots or impressions made on the paper with the pointer, the nearness, relative position and number of the indentations denoting the particular letter or figure to be represented.

The theory of music and its elemental principles are taught just as they would be taught a child in the possession of sight. It is only when the notes are to be learned and the hand is placed on the piano that the point apparatus becomes necessary.

The position of notes in both the treble and bass clefs are explained, and then the pupil indicates by indentations on the paper the position of the note mentioned by the teacher.

In ordinary musical notation C in the treble clef is indicated by a note on the first ledger line, or in the third space. The blind pupil, not having any such method of notation, will, by the aid of the alphabet, indicate in "point" words which note is meant, so that the music is taken down, just as it is dictated by the professor.

Instead of a single sign, as in ordinary music, to indicate the note, the pupil indents the paper with abbreviations readily understood by him or her that the particular note occupies a certain position on, above, below or within the lines.

The mechanical process is one in which the pupils become very dextrous. The point is held between the thumb and the first finger, the middle joint of the thumb pressing the side of the tool.

Commencing at the right hand side of the slate, with the point in the first space of the guide, the pupil rapidly indents the paper as the notes are read out. The hand is not lifted, but oscillates and moves over the guide from right to left. The treble or right-hand music is taken down first, and then the left hand. Both hands of an ordinary sheet of music will thus be taken down by an average pupil in less than fifteen minutes. The rapidity and accuracy of taking down from dictation are marvelous, and is a most interesting sight

The object of the corrugations on the brass slate must now be explained.

As soon as the sheet has been covered with indentations, all made from right to left, the frame is lifted, the paper is withdrawn and turned over. The side which is then uppermost is covered with little round projections made by the point as it presses the paper into the creases in the brass, and this is the music from which the pupil learns.

Taking first the right hand or treble clef music sheet with the projections turned up, the pupil holds the paper on his knee, then, placing the right hand on the piano, reads by touch with the left, the notes—or, rather, equivalents in "point" writing—from the embossed sheet.

The dictation is taken down from right to left, the sheet is turned over, and the reading by the pupil is consequently done from left to right. When both hands have been committed to memory they are put together and the piece is played just as it would be if played from the ordinary music used by a musician in possession of the sense of sight.

The players perform entirely from memory, and must learn everything by heart before they can play. The position of the hands they learn by touch, feeling the backs of their teacher's hands and then imitating the positions themselves.

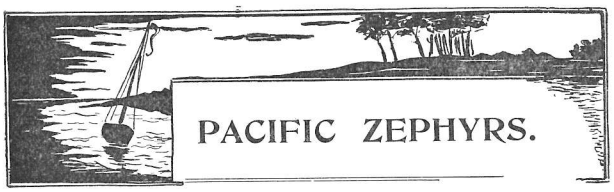
There are other methods of teaching, and music is printed in raised notes for the use of the blind, which can be read at once by passing the fingers over the characters. In this method, however, the choice of musical selections at the command of the pupil is limited by the amount of music printed in that form, while, with the point system, any piece of music can be learned if dictated to the pupil.

CHOPIN'S DREAM.

One eveniug Chopin returned home in company with some friends, among them Szmitkowski (to whom the "Maxurkas," Opus 40, were dedicated) and complained of the state of his finances.

"How happy I would be," Chopin exclaimed, "if a ministering angel would lay 20,000 francs in my desk! I could then picture all the comfort I desire."

The same night Chopin dreamed that his wish had been granted and related the fact to his friends. A few days later, Chopin, in opening his desk found the 20,000 francs he had wished for. The money had been laid there by Szmitkowski, who had related the incident of the wish to Miss Sterling, one of the pupils of Chopin, a Scotch lady, who took pleasure in presenting this handsome gift to her beloved teacher.



I have just been reading Mr. Shaw's article in the September issue of THE MAJOR, on "Our Rapid Advancement." I should like very much to meet Mr. Shaw, and shake hands with him. San Francisco is full of those self-styled "Professors" whom he so aptly portrays, and, like him, I am eagerly looking forward to the time when the American Guild will be an established fact, and we shall be able to rid ourselves of these pests, who disgrace our profession. I regret very much to say that a good many of our local teachers are very bigoted and narrow-minded men, having no thought of anything except to get as much money as possible from their pupils, and speaking in a most uncomplimentary manner whenever another teacher is mentioned. These creatures hardly ever go beyond their own door; never attend a concert; it fact, they usually tell their pupils not to go to any entertainment where there is other mandolin and guitar music. However, we have a few good, common-sense, up-to-date instructors, who, I think, will join me in saying, "let the guild come quickly."

MR. WALTER CLARKSON,
Our Western Correspondent.

The pupils of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music gave one of their enjoyable concerts on October 5th, at the Alhambra Theatre, in the presence of a crowded house. Among other numbers, the mandolin club deserve special mention for their splendid playing. In conjunction with the customary instruments used in mandolin orchestra, on this occasion two violins and a 'cello were inserted. The overture to "Faust" was rendered first, and afterward Raff's "Cavatina," both in a style which was greatly appreciated by the enthusiastic audience, and incidentally reflected much credit upon their instructor, as well as themselves.

Walter Clarkson's mandolin and guitar club made their initial appearance Oct. 9th, at Native Sons' Hall, the occasion being the first annual entertainment given by the Order of Americus. Considering the fact that the club has been organized only one month, they did very well. Mr. Clarkson intends to make his club the banner one of the Coast, eventually.

Prof. Lombadero has just concluded a six weeks' eegagement at the Pabst Cafe, where his mandolin orchestra has been delighting hundreds of people nightly, and has done much to raise our favorite instruments in the public estimation. We sincerely hope to have the pleasure of hearing this orchestra again soon. Signor Lombadero has no equal out here on his favorite instrument, the bandurria.

Sig. S. P. Fachutar, the well known soloist and composer, has returned from his summer vacation, and is now ready for business again. It is almost unnecessary to wish him a succesful season, as he is assured of that already.

The Unitarian Club, of Alameda, gave a very enjoyable "ladies' night," last month, the star attraction being the Royal Hawaiian Quintette, which had to respond to several encores. Truly, these famed gentlemen from Hawaii can show some of us how to play the mandolin and guitar.

Prof. Graeber's banjo club was heard to advantage last month at a concert given at Union Square Hall. The club played a cake-walk, while a young couple danced to the music. Prof. Graeber had the misfortune to break a string in the middle of the piece, but that did not stop the playing, as he can dispense with a few strings and still make the banjo "talk."

The Hawthorne Mandolin Orchestra has resumed rehearsals for the coming season, and have already several engagements booked for the future.

The Oakland M. E. Church gave an entertainment last month, at which the Apollo Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club rendered several selections very creditably.

WALTER CLARKSON,
1002 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Be sure you get the December number of THE MAJOR. It isn't often our readers may enjoy such a treat as we intend to give them for Christmas in "A Pioneer Christmas," by Hamlin Garland. There are other sweat-meats, too. We would be pleased to have you share them with us, and partake of these pleasures.

BETWEEN YOUR LESSONS.

"There is a vast amount of horse hair annually used in the United States for making and repairing violin, violincello and bass viol bows," said a wholesale dealer in such materials. "All of the hair comes from Germany and Russia in which countries the tails of horses are generally allowed to grow to their full length, making the hair of the finest texture."

Miss Mirtar Baab is regarded as the best woman violinist in India. She was born in Bombay thirty years ago. Her musical education was received in Germany, where she studied with Sauret and Meyerhorf. Recently a London music publishing house brought out a concerto by Miss Baab. The composition has been reviewed by several of the London music critics, who pronounce it a work of singular beauty, rare originality and unquestioned musicianship.

Four or five years ago a man named Bott owned a valuable Stradivarius violin. It was stolen, and the well known connoisseur, Victor Fletcher, was charged with the theft and found guilty, though it was hard for his friends to feel that he had stolen it. A few days ago the violin was found in the possession of a lady who said she bought it for $30 and Fletcher's innocence was established. Nicolini, the husband of Patti, one time offered $5,000 for the instrument and it was refused.

Mayor Charles E. Watson, the chief executive of Findlay, O., got into a little trouble by a piano testimonial, and the town is enjoying it. The mayor bought a new piano from a Toledo firm, and gave it a testimonial about a former piano he had purchased of it, and had used for eight years. The testimonial was used as an advertisement by the piano people and was published in all the papers. The City Board of Equalization looked into the matter and failed to find a piano listed on the mayor's tax returns. He was charged up with back taxes on the piano for eight years, and as his testimonial said the "piano was just as good the eighth year as the first," it was held at full value for the full term. He had to pay.

The mandolin and guitar has invaded Borneo. Mark Slober, a sailor on the schooner *Mary Bell* which was wrecked a short time ago, and went to the bottom, just off the south coast of Borneo, with all on board except Slober, who was washed on the island with a piece of wreckage, discovered these native pre-historic cannibals with a mandolin and guitar in their possession. Where they secured them is a mystery. The old chief who had the instruments in his own hut, and who could play neither and evidently thought they were mere ornaments, was astonished beyond measure when Slober played a little air upon the guitar which he had learned. The natives all believed the sailor supernaturally empowered and their chief offered him a handful of pearls to remain with them as their "Spirit-talker." But Slober thought there was a possibility of his following the course of the former owner or owners of the mandolin and guitar, if he remained; and, therefore, escaped on the first vessel touching the island. He considers himself lucky in getting away with his life, and that no Bornevian stewing-kettle made his acquaintance. Now, if he had been a professional teacher of the guitar, we are afraid that handful of pearls would have held him there.

NEW MUSIC BULLETIN.

IN COLORADO. March. *Alfred Chenet.*
Mandolin and Guitar, 30c.
2 Mandolins and Guitar, 40c.

PETITE DUCHESSE. Gavote. *A. H. Plante.*
Solo or Duet, 30c.

Alfred Chenet & Co., Pubs., Denver, Col.

A NEW PUBLICATION.

True Tone, a new music journal, published quarterly, has come to our desk. It is devoted, apparently to band news, but its editor aims to elevate all lines of music, and we are proud to wish *True Tone* success.

"Say, Taggsy, wot de ye tink o' his nibs de flute blower over dere in de band?"

"Huh! he ain't nuttin 'longside o' Reddy O'Tool, wot plays de mout-organ in our new Rag Alley Mandoling an' Geetar Club. Come off! Dat guy ain't in it wid Reddy!"

WHEN TEDDY WENT TO BED.

BY C. C. F.

When Teddy Shorts first put on pants,
He looked so very grand,
He wouldn't mind his mother,
Or he wouldn't hold her hand.

But on the street he walked ahead
And tried to whistle some;
And thought perhaps he'd go to war
And fire an awful gun.

He wouldn't ride his hobby horse;
He called Jack Spratt "a fib!"
He sat at meals in father's chair,
And scorned his gingham bib.

His mother musn't spread his bread,
Nor cut things on his plate;
She must not say, "No more, my dear,"
No matter what he ate.

She musn't kiss him when he fell
And bumped his head right down,
But she must say, "How are you, sir?"
Just like she did to Mr. Brown.

So hard to please this gentleman,
His loving mother tried,
It quite enlarged his dignity
And swelled his lofty pride.

And all was brave, and all was well,
Until the mother said,
At eight o'clock, "Of course, dear sir,
You'll go alone to bed?"

Ah! would you have me say what then
Befell the great big man?
For if you undertake to guess—
I hardly think you can.

He turned the corners of his mouth,
Oh, most fearfully awry;
He rubbed his grown-up fist awhile
Across his grown-up eye.

Then burying in his mother's lap
Both pride and manly joy,
He said in just the littlest voice,
"I—I dess I'se just a boy?"

MOZART KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

All musicians are more or less eccentric and sensitive about their own compositions, and the great Mozart was no exception. Once while on a visit to Marseilles he went incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a common-place character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder: "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience with loud exclamation, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor subsided and was succeeded by shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

From R. M. Tyrell, Author and Composer, New York: "The melody of 'Merry Monks' is the essence of simplicity, and the harmony is beautiful, and sufficiently varied and contrasting to satisfy the most exacting ear."

"How is my little nephew doing in his studies?" asked the visiting uncle.

"Very well," replied the happy father. "He is very accomplished. He shows great talent for music, but his manner is so haughty. His music-master thinks that he will become a conductor."

"Ha, indeed! Orchestra or street-car?"

While John Field was lying on his death-bed already bereft of speech, a clergyman was sent for, who inquired of the artist what religion he professed. And as he received no answer he asked, in turn, whether the artist was a Catholic, Lutheran or Calvinist. "Pianist," Field lisped, and died.

From Guss Allendorf, teacher, Hiawatha, Kansas: "The 'Merry Monk's Caprice,' like the rest of C. E. Pomeroy's compositions, is a very brilliant number."

If you wish to live long, "Longavita" will give you the power to do so. If you want to remain beautiful, "Longavita" will keep you so. If you want to enjoy continued health and vigor and be a young man when you are old in years, "Longavita" will keep you there. If you long to be called old, decrepit, senile and crippled, if you want to become a burden to yourself and to others, if you want to lose all the beauty, all the vigor, all the health you ever had, then you do not want to use this preparation. It is made for those only who love life and all its pleasures. See ad. in another column. "Longavita" is the result of many years labor by two of the best and well-known scientists the world has yet produced.

THE GUITAR IN RUSSIA.

BY S. SAJAITZKY, MOSCOW.

Translated from the official Journal of the International Guitarists' League. Main Board at Munich, Germany.

IN Russia the greater number of guitar players use a seven-stringed instrument—a guitar like ours, but having seven instead of six strings. The tuning is: D. G, D. g. b, d. A. Sichra (born 1762) is considered the originator of this system. He wrote a method and composed pieces and many transcriptions for this stringing, that bear up well the musical abilities of the author. Of his pupils we name Aksenoff and Wissotzky. The latter was known as a gifted guitar virtuoso and composer of Russian folk-songs. His compositions are difficult, and tax the technical ability of the player. Wissotzky died 1837. After his death, guitar playing retrograded in Russia. This state of affairs made itself noticeable in all countries, but which in no way made it evident that the admiration for the guitar had diminished. It was more due to the great influence the piano had gained and thereby deprived the guitar of its former prominence.

From the beginning to the middle of the 19th century the following guitar artists and composers were popular in Russia and deserve to be mentioned: Alexandroff, Beloschein, Gluschkoff, Lachoff, Milukoff, Morkoff, Petroff, Sarenko, Wetroff, Zimmermann. At this time the renowned Russian artists, Makaroff and Solowsky, were making a furore with their six-stringed guitars.

At the present time A. P. Solowieff, in Moscow, Gallin and Decker-Schenk (died 1899), have an indisputable reputation as artists. A. P. Solowieff wrote a method in three parts for the seven-stringed guitar, some pieces and a lot of transcriptions on works from Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others. It is stated that his technic is phenomenal, and the most difficult arrangement is played in an accomplished and graceful manner. His command of the six-stringed guitar is also mentioned as being surprising, and consisting principally in bravura playing. Most of his playing was done on a seven-stringed guitar, and this he had supplemented with six additional base strings. Solowieff has been the leading guitar soloist in Moscow. W. A. Russanoff has also been doing solo work.

Much activity has been noticed among the guitar players, in the larger cities, and I attributed this to the efforts put forth by the International League of Guitarists.

FOR SALE: One magnificent Washburn mandolin, cost $60.00 net, 34 ribs, pearl-inlaid fingerboard, pearl cording around edges and pearl-inlaid sound hole; also one auditorium sized Washburn guitar, celluloid edges, cost $35.00 net. Both instruments solid rosewood, latest models, superb tone, workmanship fine. All materials, with leather cases, in excellent condition and almost new. An exceptional opportunity to secure the highest grade instruments at a bargain, as must be sold. Will guarantee either for one year. Address, "Artist," care MAJOR Musical Journal, Saginaw, Mich.

THE BANJO IN BELGIUM.

IN the April number of the *Banjo World*, London, there is an interesting letter from Prof. Herck, who writes from Brussels, Belgium, on the status of the banjo in that country.

He says the banjo has been known but two years there, and the Belgians were deep-seated in their prejudice against it. He states there is also an avowed dislike toward English music, and Englishmen as musicians.

"There was a fixed notion of the banjo being something with which it was totally impossible to render any music worth appreciation. To uproot such ignorant and erroneous notions was no light task, and for several years, after fruitless trials, I abandoned the attempt in despair, until, as I have already said, about two years ago, when I managed at one of my concerts to bring it specially before the public notice, with the happy result that several amateurs immediately came forward with a desire to undertake its study. Since then the number has been slowly increasing.

"Respecting such banjos as were to be found over here, they were the most ancient specimens ever beheld, consisting of handles without frets or position marks, vellums simply nailed on the hoops, and floating like so many sails in a breeze. They were mostly second-hand things, left by passing families who were glad to get rid of them at any consideration. It was naturally impossible for the foreigner to form any appreciable idea of the banjo and its merits. Even up to the present date there is not an instrument-maker in the country who can put on a vellum properly, and as for real banjo strings and vellums, they are not to be found."

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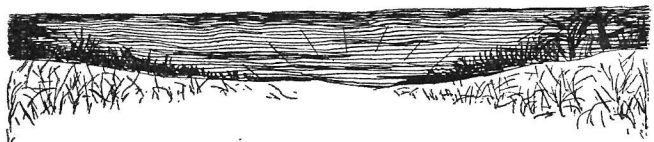

PAUL JULIEN.

BY JOHN W. MOORE.

PAUL JULIEN, the eminent French violin performer, was born in the year 1850, at the town of Crest, in the department of La Drome, France. At the age of five years the child began to display signs of a quick ear for music. The father, who was a fair player upon the clarinet and violin, belonged to an amateur band, and frequently took his little son with him to rehearsal. There the boy was observed to beat time, and to show a remarkable understanding and enjoyment of music. He sang ballads in a pleasing manner, and in a very short time acquired much skill in playing upon a little hunting horn, which his father had given him merely as a toy.

Paul's great delight was to collect all the children of the neighborhood, and make them march to lively airs which he, at the head of the infantile troop, played upon his horn. His father laid all these things to heart, finally conceiving the idea of giving the boy regular lessons upon the violin, the clarinet being, as yet, beyond the little fellow's strength. But how was he to procure an instrument suited to the short arm and tiny fingers of the child? There were none such in town, nor could M. Julien's purse have afforded the money to buy it had there been one available.

However, the zealous parent solved the problem. He had recourse to an old fiddler of the neighborhood, of whom he managed to borrow an instrument of the usual size, but which, by ingenious alterations, he succeeded in so reducing that the child could use it. This difficulty overcome, the lessons were at once begun and the boy's progress was rapid beyond belief. At length the owner of the violin came to claim his property. When he discovered the liberties the enthusiastic father had taken with it, he was at first stupefied and then indignant. But M. Julien, with genuine French adroitness summoned Paul, whom he bade play Weber's beautiful "Dream," which the boy did with such spirit and expression that at once the irate old man's anger was turned to admiration. At this time Paul was in his sixth year.

M. Julien now became anxious to secure for his son better instruction, and with Paul traveled to Marseilles, confident that there he could find some professor who would be glad to develop such promising genius without charge. Disappointment followed his repeated applications, however, and at last, both he and the child were reduced to the verge of starvation. Finally, one day, M. Julien secured permission at a *cafe* for Paul to play there in the evening, and when the father and son appeared a large company, among whom were several eminent musicians, greeted them.

The diminutive artist took his position and began to play. In a moment every eye was fixed on his pale, engaging countenance, and every ear was opened to catch and drink in the entrancing music. Soon not a sound was audible; the listeners were under an aesthetic influence of harmony which seemed to permeate their entire beings, and for the time being converted the boisterousness of the *cafe* into a celestial atmospheric heaven. The bodies of the spectators swayed in rythm to the child's wonderful bowing; they were not in a *cafe*—every man, every listener, was a slave in the control of that six-year-old boy; they were with him; they could not get away from his magic influence; they did not *want* to get away.

When the last trembling note had ceased to pulsate the air, the men awoke, as it were, and overwhelmed the wan child with their applause. Late in the evening the father and son returned to their humble lodging, with pockets and hearts overflowing. Since that day Paul Julien's rise has been swift and sure; and in 1859 when only nine years old, he came to this country and won the admiration of all who heard him play.

A MUSICAL BICYCLE.

At this time when so many improvements are being made on bicycles, in the way of attachable motors, etc., a machine recently patented will doubtless interest our readers. It is the invention of Mr. Samuel Goss, of Chicago, and was designed for the purpose of furnishing music for the rider of the wheel and his companions, in order to break the monotony and give divertisement during long and tedious runs.

The mechanism, which is quite simple, is mounted on an iron frame made to fit into that of the machine. On this frame are stretched piano wires, while on the cross-piece are small hammers operated by pins on the cylinders and made to strike the wires. The cylinder is rotated by worm gears placed at its left hand end and driven from the crank shaft by a cord and pulley.

The inventor has foreseen the case when the rider should tire of the music, by providing a small lever for throwing out the gears and thus stopping the cylinder. The tune may be varied by putting in new cylinders, and the time of any air may be quickened by increasing the speed of the wheel.

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible!" caroled the young lady who thinks she can sing.

"Ah, would to heaven you could join the choir inaudible!" murmured the young man who was being "entertained," *sotto voce*.

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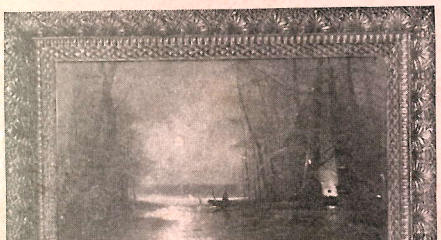

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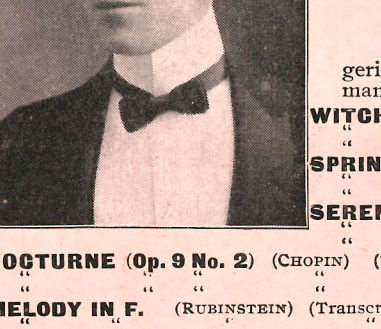

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